

PS 635

.29

C586

Copy 1

C 586



The Rivals;

OR

THE GREY

VS.

THE BLUE.

Tragedy.



Henry Farrow & Co., Printers, Mobile.



THE RIVALS;

—OR—

THE GREY *vs.* THE BLUE

A Tragedy.

WRITTEN BY A MEMBER OF THE GREENE COUNTY BENEVOLENT
AND MONUMENTAL FUND ASSOCIATION.

John W. Farrow

COPYRIGHT SECURED.

MOBILE:
HENRY FARROW & Co., PRINTERS, 30 NORTH WATER ST.

1871

P 13 35
2506

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, September 22d, by GEORGE H. COLE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

TMP92-008898

WRITTEN FOR THE

Greene County Benevolent and Monumental Fund Association,

AND MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

MISSSES JENNIE PIERCE AND RHODA Y. MERRIWETHER,

AS REPRESENTATIVE TYPES OF

TRUE SOUTHERN WOMANHOOD.

THE AUTHOR.

COSTUMES.

STUART.—Confederate General uniform; high top boots.

SWEENEY.—Confederate uniform.

SHADBURN.—Confederate uniform with chevrons.

HAWK and JACK.—Confederate uniform, rough.

GIBBON.—Federal Lieutenant uniform.

HINES.—Federal uniform, with an old citizen suit over it; long overcoat and high hat.

FEDERAL SOLDIERS.—Federal uniform; guns, canteens and haversacks.

MR. BERTRAM.—As old gentleman; black cloth.

MISS BLANCHE.—Dark plain dress; white collar and cuffs.

MISS MAGGIE.—Dark calico dress; white apron, collar and cuffs.

THE RIVALS;

—OR—

THE GREY *vs.* THE BLUE.

CHARACTERS:

GEN. J. E. B. STUART.
JOE SWEENEY.
SERGEANT GEORGE SHADBURN.
JAMES BOND alias NIGHT HAWK.
BOB HARRISON alias SLEEPY JACK.
LIEUT. JOHN H. GIBBON, U. S. Army, and Orderly.
SAM HINES, U. S. Spy.
REV. ROBERT BERTRAM.
MISS BLANCHE BERTRAM.
MISS MAGGIE SOPHIA SUSANNA SHORT.
Also, four men, as Federal Soldiers.

SCENE I.

A room—STUART'S headquarters. Papers, sabres, pistols and haversacks lying around. STUART sitting at table. SWEENEY sitting to one side with banjo, singing "If you want to have a good time, jine the cavalry," &c. He stops singing, when SHADBURN enters.

[Enter SHAD, from LEFT M. DOOR. Advances to front of STUART and salutes.]

Shad. General, I am here in obedience to your orders.

Stuart. Good, I am glad to see you Sergeant, looking so well. I think I can see, Sergeant, from the flash of your eye that you are one of the *do* and *dare* sort, and ready for any adventure, however dangerous it may be, that would be beneficial to our cause. Be seated, Sergeant.

Shad. *[Sitting down.]* I have the good of my bleeding country wholly at heart, General, and shall ever endeavor to discharge my duty, whatever it may be, as becomes one who is proud to wear the "Grey."

Stuart. Well spoken, sir. I have all confidence in your ability and willingness to perform the duty to which I am about to assign you. I am much in need of an efficient scout to keep me informed of the movements of Gen. Grant, and feeling that I can rely on your prudence and skill, I hereby commission you for that duty. You may select such of your comrades from the "Jeff. Davis Legion" as you may wish to aid you in the discharge of the arduous task to which you are assigned. [*Writing an order.*] Who will you have, Sergeant, that I may include them in this order?

Shad. General, I would like Bob Harrison, or Sleepy Jack, as he is called, of Company C. I have seen him tried, and know him to be as true as steel.

Stuart. Why do they call him Sleepy Jack?

Shad. It is only a nick-name given him by his comrades, because he is so hard to wake: but he can stand more hard marching than any man I ever saw.

Stuart. You shall have him, sir; who else do you wish?

Shad. James Bond, known better in the "Jeff." under the sobriquet of Night Hawk, for being ever wide-awake, and seeing and knowing more that transpires at night than the camp guard. He is a good one, General, and can be relied on in any emergency.

Stuart. I have included him. Any one else?

Shad. No, General, they are sufficient for the present.

Stuart. Why, only two?

Shad. And I make three.

Stuart. A spike team, upon my word.

Shad. If you will pardon the expression, General, I can assure you that Hawk and Jack are, in themselves, a *whole six mule team*, and you will find it out ere long.

Stuart. You know them best, Sergeant, and I am willing to trust to your judgment. You will enter the enemy's lines, gain all the information you can, as to their movements, numbers, &c., that may be important, and report promptly to me in person or by one of your trusted men. Grant's pickets are near Howard's Church, where I wish you to go at once, and see what movement is contemplated in that direction. [*SHADBURN rises.*] I would caution you, Sergeant, about spending

too much time with the beautiful Blanche; you know Parson Bertram lives near Howard's.

Shad. I will be on my guard, General.

Stuart.—[*Handing papers to SHAD.*] Here is your commission. Hand this to Col. W., who will make the detail. You can go, sir. Report promptly. [*SHAD salutes and turns to go.*] Hold, Shadburn; I like to have forgotten to give you the most important instructions: You have heard of the Yankee spy, of many names, but known to us under the name of Sam. Hines.

Shad. I have heard of him often, General, and have been close to him more than once.

Stuart. Well, sir; I want him captured. He is a deserter from our army, and is very familiar, I learn, with this section of the country; and is said to act his part so well that he has been to these headquarters. Under our laws, his life is already forfeited, and if you should be so fortunate as to get hold of him, and there is the least probability of his escape—*don't let him escape.* Do you understand, Sergeant?

Shad. I do, General, and it shall be so. I hope to be able to report his disappearance. He has done us much harm, but I will put Night Hawk on the alert, and think we will "*bag the game.*"

Stuart. I trust you may. My regards to Miss Bertram if you see her. You can go, sir.

[*Exit SHAD, saluting, through LEFT M. D.*]

I tell you, Joe, that fellow Shadburn is made of the right metal. Woe to the foe that crosses his path. I would as soon arouse a Bengal tiger. Although he looks so mild and gentle, there is a fire burning deep in his eye, that tells who and what he is. I expect a good report from him. Let's walk down to Farley's.

[*Rises and moves to LEFT. Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.

A rendezvous by a small fire. SHAD and NIGHT HAWK standing in conversation. SLEEPY JACK to one side, asleep. All armed and equipped as scouts.

Shad. Well, Hawk, could anything have been better? Old "Jeb" just played into my hand that time,

as the boys say, besides giving me full power as a scout, and allowing me to detail my own assistants, ordered me to go at once to Howard's Church; but cautioned me about spending too much time at Parson Bertram's, with the beautiful Blanche, as he called her. Ha! ha! ha! He didn't know who he was talking to, did he, Hawk? Stuart knows all the pretty girls. He saw her the time we went on the scout to Dumfries, and captured so many sutler wagons, and among them the one containing old Burnside's Christmas dinner, with all of his wines, liquors, cigars, &c., gotten up in grand style, and sent to the commanding General as Christmas presents.

Night Hawk. But didn't we make 'em hop, Shad? I remember how wofully those Dutch sutlers looked when standing alone in the snow by the road side, when we took their wagons.

Shad. Yes, it was amusing to see the great agony into which they were thrown by the loss of their goods.

Night Hawk. We made a good haul then, and soon after made another with Gen. Hampton in command.

Shad. Yes, that was the time it was so miserably cold, and I stopped to see Blanche—and havn't seen her since. It seems an age.

Night Hawk. You are mighty right, it does, Shad. I know you are eager to get across the river, that you may be getting closer to your sweetheart. It was my good fortune to see her once, and I will never forget it, Shad—no, never. I tell you she made a lasting impression on me. She evidently knows how to touch a soldier's sympathies, and how to gain a place in his memory.

Shad. Tell me, Hawk, how Blanche made such an impression on you? But I am not surprised, as she made an impression on me that will last for life.

Night Hawk. Well, I tell you, Shad, how she made an impression on me: She gave me a good breakfast, filled my haversack, and gave me a canteen of fresh buttermilk, and I went on my way rejoicing.

Shad. Well, that is soldier-like, Hawk. The "dough boys" say that the cavalry get all the buttermilk in the country, and can hear a churn dasher a mile; but

it is much better when put into a fellow's canteen by a pretty girl like Blanche.

Night Hawk. Now, aint you mighty right chile? I can see her now. I could die for her, Shad. By the way, I heard that that blue coated Lieutenant was mighty thick at the Parson's. Did you, old fel?

Shad. [*Walks excitedly.*] Thunder and lightning! Where in the name of Lee's army can Sleepy Jack be? He is a brick when he is awake, but he is dead when asleep. We must be going. I am all anxiety to see Blanche, and know from her the truth. My mind has been much disturbed of late by visions of that handsome Yankee Lieutenant, with his smooth and oily words, fawning around my own dear Blanche. If left to herself, I would never have any fear, but the peculiar circumstances by which she is surrounded—being as she is, inside their lines and in their power, makes me apprehensive of danger: as I believe Gibbon to be an arrant knave and a villain, and none too good to adopt any measure to carry his purpose. But [*soliloquising*], let me tell you, Lieutenant John H. Gibbon, if you undertake to thwart me—to come between me and the dearest creature on earth, this world will be too small to hold us both. Beware! Gibbon, beware! I'll hunt you down, though you go to the uttermost part of the earth. Yea, Grant's mighty host will be no protection for you! Night Hawk, call Sleepy Jack, that we may be off.

[*NIGHT HAWK goes to LEFT and calls JACK, who answers outside, and when awake enters from LEFT, rubbing his eyes.*

Night Hawk. Oh, Jack! Jack! Say, Jack! wake up! Wake up! we are ready to go. Say; get up and come ahead.

Sleepy Jack. [*Without.*] Oh! Mi! Me! I think you might let a fellow take a little nap.

Shad. Well, here you are at last! Behind, as usual.

Sleepy Jack. No, I reckon I'm before now.

Shad. I mean you are behind hand.

Sleepy Jack. No I aint; I'm behind Hawk.

Shad. You are stupid. I mean you have kept us waiting ever so long for you.

Sleepy Jack. Well, look here, Shad; you needn't be so tarnation crusty about it. I reckon if you had been on picket five weeks last month, stood guard and picket ten days last week, you'd be somewhat behind on sleep, too.

Night Hawk. Ten days in a week! Hurrah for Jack!

Sleepy Jack. You needn't be *hurrahing*. I tell you the next time I go to war, I am going to be a Quartermaster or a Doctor, then, I bet I can eat, sleep and drink as much as I want to. You heard me, Liza Jane.

[*Kneels to fix his blanket.*]

Shad. Hurry up Jack, and get your traps on. We must get across the river and work our way to Howard's Church to-night.

Sleepy Jack. [*Jumping up and dancing around.*] Howard's Church, did you say, Shad? Why, there is where Mr. Bertram lives, and Mag's there. Shad, do you know her?

Shad. Yes; but come ahead, if you want to see Mag.

[*SLEEPY JACK gets his haversack, and is ready to go.*]

Sleepy Jack. Well, she is a trump card, Shad; and I am ready to march to see "Maggie by my side."

Shad. Well, we must be going. [*Looks at watch.*] It is now near two o'clock. We will cross at the blind path above the United States ford. Forward! I am impatient.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE III.

A room in MR. BERTRAM'S house. MISS BLANCHE sitting at a table with candle. MR. BERTRAM near with a book.

Blanche. Oh! Father, it is too bad to be shut out from the world, as we are; and then, to think that the Federals are going to advance, and may encompass us about in such a way that even Sergeant Shadburn will be unable to reach us; and then, indeed, we will be isolated. I know there is going to be an advance, for Lieutenant Gibbon told me so only yesterday, and their pickets advanced to-day. Oh, father! I am feeling so badly.

Mr. Bertram. You must cheer up, my darling, and always look on the bright side of things, as Sergeant Shadburn tells you. *He* has a perilous time, but is ever cheerful. It is a perfect treat to look at his bright and beaming countenance. I think he will try and reach us again.

Blanche. I do hope he may come. I know it would be important information for General Stuart to know of this advance.

Mr. Bertram. Yes, it would, and as the Sergeant is always on the alert, we may expect him. He has been very kind to us in bringing our letters, for through them we occasionally hear from our friends, [*enter MAG from R. M. D.*] and as we still have the necessities of life, we should not murmur, as many have them not.

Mag. And gracious knows how long we will have the necessities of life, with the woods filled with those stinking Yankees. I tell you all, they will be up to some mischief sooner than you think. They are naturally mean, and must steal or rob to be up with the times.

Blanche. Mag, you are very hard on them. They have, as yet, molested us but very little.

Mag. Just so; they have kept off about as long as they can, and all through that Yankee sweetheart of yours. I am going to get Jack to capture him, and send him to Castle Thunder. I don't like a bone in his body.

Blanche. Well, Mag, I would always have the blues if it were not for you; but you are most too severe on Lieutenant Gibbon.

Mag. [*Rises to go.*] Am, eh? Well you look out if you don't do just as that Gibbon wants you to. You will see what he is, as sure as my name is Maggie Sophia Susanna Short; see if you don't. I'll go and see if there is not some of them about now. May be I will see Jack. [*Exit through R. M. D.*]

Mr. Bertram. Mag is a great girl. She is quite uncompromising in her hatred of the Yankees, and is as fearless as that rebel scout who loves her so well.

Blanche. Yes, by her gay and lively mood I am often provoked to laugh when I really feel little inclined to

do so. I hear some one walking, and do believe it is Sergeant Shadburn.

[SHAD *Knocks on LEFT SIDE*—BLANCHE *rises and goes to door*. SHAD *enters from LEFT*.]

It is, indeed, he; Oh, Sergeant! I'm so glad to see you. Come in; father and I were just speaking of you.

Shad. Well, Miss Blanche, I'm glad to know that you were thinking of me; for I assure you I was anxious to get here, and have had a hard march to do so. How are you to-day, Mr. Bertram?

Mr. Bertram. Thank you, Sergeant; I am feeling better than usual, physically, but my mind is much perplexed at the thought of being placed so completely in the Federal lines. They are moving, sir.

Shad. Ah! Moving, are they? Well, sir, let them move; we are ready for them at every point, and I assure you, Mr. Bertram, that you will never be entirely cut off as long as Sergeant Shadburn lives and scouts for General "Jeb;" let the blue coats be ever so thick—I will come to you, sir, and bring tidings of your friends. Here is a letter for you, now, sir.

[*Hands him letter.*]

Mr. Bertram. Thanks, my brave fellow; but you must be careful, and not uselessly risk your life. We could not afford to lose you at this time, as your place could not be easily filled. Be on your guard, Sergeant, they are near here. Blanche, I will retire; it will not be prudent for Sergeant Shadburn to remain long to-night. Good night, my boy; come when you can, but be very careful. Good night, Blanche.

Both. Good night.

Shad. Remember me in your prayers.

[*Exit MR. B. through LEFT B. D.*]

Shad. [*Moves to right of BLANCHE, both sitting.*] My dear Blanche, I am so glad, once again, to behold you. Though I have heard from you, I have not seen you, in what seems to me an age. My mind has been filled with the most terrible forebodings since last night. Ah! I have pictured in my imagination, many queer and fantastic scenes; probably made mountains of mole hills; but having been in a state of suspense all day, and though much fatigued by my long march, I have

longed for the great king of day to hide his face, that in the shades of darkness I might venture to come to you.

Blanche. Why, Sergeant, what can trouble you so much? You are not usually so despondent, but always hopeful, and ever looking forward to brighter and happier days.

Shad. True, Blanche, I am hardly myself in this gloomy state. But when I imagine I see a cloud arising that might perchance darken the bright and happy days in fond anticipation, methinks it is enough to make one feel uncomfortable.

Blanche. Sergeant, why do you talk so? Do, for merey's sake, stop speaking in riddles, and explain yourself.

Shad. Ah! Blanche, do not be excited. Could you know how much I love you; how completely my destiny is linked with yours; how I have pictured, in my imagination, the happy days when this cruel war shall have ended, when I have taken you to my beautiful Southern home, hid away in orange groves, made happy and cheerful by the singing of the sweet birds of nature, and there surrounded with all that heart could wish, fill to overflowing my cup of joy. Ah! could you fully realize all my fond dreams, you would understand why I speak as I do.

Blanche. Speak, Sergeant, I beseech you, and explain.

Shad. Blanche, charge me not, from what I am going to say, with that green-eyed monster, jealousy. I would scorn such a charge, but I fear evil, and not without cause. Remember, Blanche, the barrier between you and me; remember that Lieutenant Gibbon has you in his power, and true to his Yankee instinct, would not scruple to use that power, if it became necessary, to carry his point. Blanche, why do you receive him here, and treat him as you do? Speak, Blanche, and explain.

Blanche. Sergeant, I am surprised at you, sir.—There can be no foundation for your conjectures of evil; and why this wild exordium on my conduct toward Lieutenant Gibbon? I have always found him a gentleman.

Shad. Better say a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Blanche. Nay, you speak harshly of him. He has been kind to us; and besides, his parents are all in the South, and he has a brother in the Confederate army.

Shad. So much the worse. He is literally a renegade and traitor. Why did he not come out on the side of his country, and do his duty like a man?

Blanche. He was at school at the North at the commencement of the war.

Shad. So were many others, *Blanche*. Even General Lee was offered a high position in the United States army, but most respectfully declined, and came to fight for his country. Why did he not do likewise? Because he had become imbued with Yankee principles, and has a black spot in his heart, *Blanche*. I tell you, *Blanche*, to beware of the serpent, ere he gets you too completely in his coils. I can trust no one who wears a blue coat, and I warn you to watch him. He will yet come out and show his true colors.

[*MAG enters through R. B. D.—shakes hands with SHAD.*]

Mag. How are you, Sergeant. I am sorry to interrupt you and Miss *Blanche*; but I see that despicable Lieutenant Gibbon, who thinks so much of Miss *Blanche*, with a squad of men, coming through the lane gate.

Blanche. Oh, goodness, Sergeant! I fear you will be captured.

Shad. Not apt, by that poltroon and his minions. I hope to meet him yet, and pay him, with interest, for this unceremonious interruption.

Mag. But, I tell you, Sergeant, you have no time to lose, without you wish to be killed or captured by your rival in the presence of your lady-love. I tell you to go; I hear them coming.

Shad. [*Starts.*] Good-bye, *Mag*—Good-bye, *Blanche*: I will be around and keep an eye on the villain.

Blanche. Good-bye, Sergeant, I think your fears are groundless. [*Exit SHAD through LEFT B. D.*]

Mag. I tell you *Blanche*, there is no good going to come of that pesky Yankee, and I would stop his visits. I hate him. There he is now, coming in without announcing himself. But I forgot he wore a blue coat.

[Enter LT. GIBBON from R. M. D.]

Gibbon. [*Bowing.*] Miss Blanche; your most obedient servant. I hope I am not intruding.

Blanche. Not at all, Lieutenant.

Mag. Yes you are, sir; and if you are so very obedient, make yourself and minions very scarce about this house, in short order.

Blanche. Why, Mag, what do you mean?

Mag. I mean to tell this pesky blue-coat, that *I* am in this house, and I can't breathe the same atmosphere he does. It is sickening.

Blanche. Oh, Mag; do hush.

Mag. I will as soon as I am done with this spoon-stealer. Look out for your thimble, Blanche; it is silver, and will walk into his pocket if you don't hold it.

Gibbon. Lady, you insult me.

Mag. Do, hey? I am taking lessons under you, sir; your very presence is insulting. Havn't you got a spoon in your pocket?

Gibbon. I would scorn the act.

Mag. But not the spoon. May be you have our silver candle-stick in your haversack.

Gibbon. Lady—

Mag. I wish I could return the compliment by saying gentleman.

Blanche. Mag, you are indeed rude.

Mag. Can't help it, Blanche; I am compelled to explode when I see one of these house-burning, horse-stealing scamps.

Blanche. Enough of this, Mag, you will please retire.

Mag. I will. I long for fresh air. I believe if I were to stay here much longer, I would become mean enough to steal a spoon myself.

Blanche. Go, Mag.

Mag. Let me tell you, Mr. Lieutenant, that you are a disgrace to your family. I am sorry you were born on Southern soil. You are a renegade, a traitor to your native land. You are arrayed in arms against your kindred; you have learned to steal, rob, insult and to burn houses, turning to the chill winds of winter, women and children, taking their last morsel of food. Ah, sir! there is a day of fearful retribution coming for you and all like you. Sir, I loathe and

scorn you as a sneaking serpent. [*Turns to* BLANCHE.] I can go, Blanche. I can sleep, now.

[*Exit through* R. B. D.]

Gibbon. Miss Blanche, what does this mean? Why is she so violent?

Blanche. She has been unfortunate, having lost two brothers in the Confederate army, and her lover is a rebel. She has cause to hate you, but is too violent. Be seated, Lieutenant.

Gibbon. I am glad you think so, Miss Blanche. I just came by to-night, from our advance picket, to see you and tell you that General Grant is going to advance, and is determined to bring the war to a speedy close.

Blanche. In that, he may be mistaken, Lieutenant.

Gibbon. He may be, but I hope not; and I hope, Miss Blanche, you will think favorably of what I am going to say. You are certainly aware that I have long had an ardent attachment for you; indeed, I have loved you devotedly, and have had some reason to think I was not distasteful to you, although I wore a blue coat. What do you say, Miss Blanche?

Blanche. I have had no cause to dislike you as yet, Lieutenant.

Gibbon. And have you no prior attachment for some rebel? I have heard such was the case.

Blanche. That, *sir*, is an unfair question, and I am surprised at your asking it.

Gibbon. I beg pardon, Miss Blanche, my feelings prompted the question. You know that my home is in the South, and I have accumulated some means, and if you will consent to share my destiny, I propose to take you to my home on the cessation of hostilities and devote my life to making you happy.

Blanche. You may never live to see that time, Lieutenant.

Gibbon. That is true; but what do you say, Blanche?

Blanche. Oh, Lieutenant! This is so sudden and unexpected—I must have time to think and consult my father.

Gibbon. You can have time to do both, and I hope you will decide *favorably, as it will be best*; and I propose

[*Enter* MR. B. *from* R. B. D., *not seen by* BLANCHE *or* GIBBON.]

that in the event you do, we be married at once; your father is a minister and can officiate.

Mr. Bertram. [*Steps up.*] No he can't, sir. How dare you, sir, to make such a proposition to my daughter without my knowledge? She marry a Yankee? No, sir! Much less I marry her to one. You know her not, sir.

Gibbon. But, Mr. Bertram—

Mr. Bertram. No but about it, sir. I say never, sir. I would rather see her in her tomb than see her wedded to one so base. Leave, sir.

Blanche. Oh! Father! do not be too rash. Let us retire. Lieutenant, I will think of you as a friend.

Gibbon. [*Excited.*] Friend, indeed! Think not, Blanche, to thwart me thus! I have been insulted. I am Lieutenant John H. Gibbon, United States Army! Old man, you shall rue your language. I have power, and I will use it. We shall meet again, sir.

Mr. Bertram. Leave here, sir.

Blanche. [*Taking MR. B. by arm.*] Come father; please let us retire. [*Exit both R. B. D.*]

Gibbon. [*Walking and soliloquising.*] Well, this is a pretty pass, indeed. Who would have thought that old gent so fiery? Look here, Lieutenant Gibbon, you have been trumped and must have a new deal, or you are gone up, as far as Blanche is concerned. I must own up that I have been most egregiously fooled in my expectations. I thought I was getting on swimmingly, but I don't take *at all* with the old man.—Somebody is in my way, and I believe it is that rebel scout. He must be disposed of, and *by Heavens, shall be!* I will put Hines on his track—he will fix him. Egad! [*slaps his hands.*] I have it. I will wreak my vengeance on the old man, and get Blanche in my power. I will go at once and report them to General Hooker, and get orders to arrest them. I can make a charge against them, and when once in my power I think she will come to terms to save her father.—Zounds! she ought to like me. I am handsome, and have a good position in the army. But then she is a true Southern woman, and I am a Yankee; at least in principle. That accounts for the dislike.

[*MAG. opens R. B. D.—steps partly in during last speech.*]

Mag. And it is enough to cause dislike, you miserable sneak! I am tired of your muttering, and advise you to leave here quickly.

Gibbon. I will leave when I get ready.

Mag. [*Enters.*] Well, I'll make you ready at once. There is the door; take it and never darken it again. Go, I mean what I say.

Gibbon. I'll remember you, Miss. [*Exit—R. M. D.*]

Mag. I think you will. [*Exit—R. B. D.*]

Curtain falls.

SCENE IV.

A small fire. NIGHT HAWK sitting on a stick of wood. SLEEPY JACK lying down with a blanket over him.

Night Hawk. Wake up, Jack! Wake up! I say, Jack, wake up, and tell me about that sweetheart of yours. You say she is down at the Parson's? I say, Jack, [*loud*] here is Maggie.

Sleepy Jack. [*Jumps up quick and looks around, rubbing his eyes.*] Where? Where is Mag? You fooled me, Hawk.

Night Hawk. I just wanted to wake you up to get you to tell me about her.

Sleepy Jack. [*Getting out his pipe.*] Well, Hawk, I'll do it. But shell out that tobacco sack of yours, and let a fellow try that Yankee tobacco you captured yesterday.

Night Hawk. [*Handing the tobacco.*] Touch it light, Jack; that's Turkish—it had lots of pictures on the paper. That's a monstrous big pipe of yours.

Sleepy Jack. This is my borrowin pipe, Hawk. [*Tries to light.*] This fire is mighty hot.

Night Hawk. Don't pocket my tobacco. I believe I'll join you; hand her over, and go ahead with that story.

Sleepy Jack. [*Gets a light—hands the tobacco over to NIGHT HAWK, who fills his pipe, lights it, and goes to smoking.*] Fill up and I'll proceed.

Night Hawk. All right, go ahead about Maggie.

Sleepy Jack. Well, Hawk, she is one of 'em; she's a trump card sure. You ought to have heard her give it to that Yankee, Gibbon, the other night at the Parson's. I tell you she preached him a sermon without taking any particular text.

Night Hawk. Is your canteen dry?

Sleepy Jack. No.

Night Hawk. Well, pass her over; I'll have to take a little on the strength of your yarn.

Sleepy Jack. [*Hands canteen.*] Now, drink, and hold your peace. He quailed under her very look.

Night Hawk. Who?

Sleepy Jack. Why Gibbon, and had nothing to say, I tell you, Hawk, she is a beauty too; a regular first class beauty, with none of your powder and paint, and nothing false, but all *rare genuine* woman.

Night Hawk. She's throwed dust in your eyes, my boy.

Sleepy Jack. None of your insinuations, Hawk. The first time I ever saw her she set my blood—

Night Hawk. Who set your blood?

Sleepy Jack. Why, Mag, you goose. She set my blood to circulating worse nor a spell of camp fever.

Night Hawk. Did have it, I expect.

Sleepy Jack. No I never, though. It was a clear case of love at first sight. No second sight—but first sight. I felt monstrous small when I ventured to tell her I loved her. How she made my heart go bim, bim, every time I saw her. But, Gorramighty! Hawk, when she told me she was in the same fix, and loved me, and would be mine for better or for worse, forever and ever and a little after—jewhillikins! man; I felt as big as a mountain and strong enough to clean up Grant's army before breakfast.

Night Hawk. Poor fellow! you will feel weak enough about it yet.

Sleepy Jack. Say, Hawk, did you ever love a girl?

Night Hawk. You are mighty right, *chile*; but she is way down in Alabama. I may never see her again.

Sleepy Jack. Well, thank goodness! mine haint, and when Shad comes I am going to slip down to the Parson's to see Mag. [*Looks to the east.*] Day is break-

ing now, aint it, Hawk? And I am powerful hungry. It'll soon be grub time.

Night Hawk. Your head's level, Jack, about the grub; and yonder is daylight. [*Looks east.*] We'll have some coffee soon.

Sleepy Jack. Don't it make a fellow feel *ranktankerous* to love a gal and have another fellow settin up to her? That's what's the matter with Shad. That Yankee Lieutenant, Gibbon, is taking on powerful about Miss Blanche.

Night Hawk. Yes, you are right. Shad is much exercised about it too, and I fear not without cause. Not that Blanche cares anything for Gibbon—but that he may become infuriated when he finds it out, and use his power. You know he is mean enough to do it.

Sleepy Jack. I'd like to see him undertake to make love to Mag. She would scald him to death, or break his head with a poker. I wonder if she will ever try a poker on my head?

Night Hawk. May be she will—to wake you up; you need it. But

[*Enter HINES—L. B. D.—with his hands in his pockets and a stick under his arm. He starts across as if passing, but stops when accosted, and fronts JACK and HAWK.*]

here comes old stove pipe. Who can he be?

Sleepy Jack. Come out of that camp kettle. I know you're in there—I see your legs shaking.

Night Hawk. Say! Mister, can't I get lodging in the upper story?

Sleepy Jack. No butter at your house—I see you've got the churn on your head.

Hines. You'ens is up early. Seen any *keows* this way?

Night Hawk. 'Tis a churn, and he wants to milk.

Sleepy Jack. Old chap, have you got any taters and perturnips in your patch?

Hines. Haint crappin any this year.

Night Hawk. Well, Mr. Bee Gum, what might be your occupation? You migrate early and travel by-paths. Do you live in these parts?

Hines. Well, yes; I live a bit across there. I'se got no perticiler business this year; keep a few keows and patch shoes sometimes.

Sleepy Jack. Couldn't you let us make a little coffee in your camp kettle?

Hines. Young man, you'se pokin fun at me, neow.

Night Hawk. Do you know Parson Bertram?

Hines. Oh, yes, down by the little mill.

Sleepy Jack. Do you know Mag, old boy?

Hines. What, the one that haint been there long?

Sleepy Jack. Yes, the one with the short name.

Hines. Oh, yes; guess I know her.

Night Hawk. Couldn't you give a fellow a chaw of good tobacco? This Yankee tobacco aint good.

Hines. The best I got.

[*Goes to get out the tobacco on the side next to NIGHT HAWK, and exposes a blue coat, and also a pistol, when NIGHT HAWK springs up and presents his pistol to his head and seizes him by the collar.*]

Night Hawk. Look out Jack, this is him—surrender, you scoundrel, or I'll blow your brains out.

[*HINES makes an effort to draw a pistol.*]

Move again, and you are a dead man.

Hines. By what authority?

[*JACK reaches out and grabs his legs and trips him up and he falls on his back—NIGHT HAWK at his head, JACK at his feet; he scuffles, but is held.*]

Sleepy Jack. I golly, we'll show you what authority. Whoopee, Hawk! but aint this bully? Let's shuck him, Hawk.

Night Hawk. Good, pull off his breeches, while I hold his his head.

Sleepy Jack. Here goes.

[*Unbuttons and pulls down his old pants, leaving blue ones.*]

Full Yank! Well, aint this heavy? I say, Hawk, you you are entitled to a bar on your collar for this. I'll hold him now, while you get off that ancient overcoat.

Night Hawk. Look out for the stove-pipe; that's a relic.

[*HAWK pulls off his coat, leaving him in full Yankee attire.*]

Here, jack, lay these two pistols back there, while I put a pair of bracelets on the gent, and pull of his false whiskers.

[*Pulls off the whiskers and handcuffs him.*]

Sleepy Jack. Pretty well disguised, old fellow; but we will now see who you are. Hawk, search him.

[NIGHT HAWK searches his pockets—finds maps and papers, which he reads.]

Night Hawk. Bully boys, ho! He is the very chap I wanted. Mr. Hines, I am very glad to meet you; glad you come so early, too. By Heavens! here is a note to him from that Yankee villain, Gibbon.

Sleepy Jack. Jerusalem, Hawk! but aint this a haul? We will both be promoted for this: you to a lieutenantcy, and I to *high private in the rear rank*. Read that note from Gibbon.

Night Hawk. No, tie his feet

[JACK ties his feet and pulls him to one side, and they sit down to look at the papers.]

and let's pull him here to one side and wait till Shad comes. I think we will have to form a drum-head court martial to try this spy. He is already condemned. Say, old fellow, can't you patch my shoes?

Sleepy Jack. Earthquakes and Jersey lightning! Hawk; he is the same spy, Sam Hines, who insulted Mag not long since—and she went for him. [Turns to Hines.] I reckon you do remember Mag. I have a notion to take your ears off for her, you sneaking dog.

Night Hawk. [Examines papers.] Here are maps of General Lee's position; as they are of no use, for fear of accident, we will burn them; only keeping Gibbon's note. [Burns the papers.]

Sleepy Jack. We will fix him when Shad comes.

Night Hawk. And here comes Shad, now; and from the way he walks something's wrong. I expect that Lieutenant has been up to some devilment.

[Both look to LEFT, where SHAD enters rapidly.]

Sleepy Jack. But don't he walk though? The devil broke loose in Georgia again!

Shad. [Entering.] Ah, Jack! awake, are you? Well, boys, we must be off. Just as I expected, that scoundrel, Gibbon, is on his way to wreak his revenge for Blanche's rejection, by plundering her father's house and arresting herself and father on a false charge.—Hello! who is this you have here?

Night Hawk. He is Sam Hines, the noted spy that General Stuart told you of. He came here just awhile ago, disguised as an old man, and while talking to him I discovered he was armed, and nabbed him. I burnt

his maps; but here is a note from Gibbon to him, in which you may be interested.

Shad. This is certainly both fortunate and unfortunate. [*Reads Gibbon's note.*] Gibbon tells him to keep a look out for me and put me out of the way. Kind, aint he? I am in his way he says. Well, Gibbon; look out I'll see you yet.

Sleepy Jack. Shad, I say let's hang this villain to the nearest limb. What do you say, Hawk?

Night Hawk. I vote yes everytime, and I have a rope here already to fix him.

[*Pulls a rope from his haversack.*]

Shad. Well, boys, we have no time to lose. I fully agree with you. Under the circumstances, we can only obey General Stuart's orders—not to let him escape.—We must choose between two evils; to stay and guard him and let Gibbon go, or hang him and go after Gibbon. Put on the noose, Hawk; We must defend Blanche.

Night Hawk. Get up, villain, and prepare to meet your God.

[*Puts noose around his neck and unties his feet.*]

Sleepy Jack. Hurry up, Hawk! If Gibbon has Mag in his clutches, I'll die or rescue her. Yonder is a good limb. [*Points to left.*]

Night Hawk. Forward, spy! Zounds! but we'll skin 'em if we catch 'em.

Shad. Forward! boys! We will give no quarter to Gibbon or any of his tools.

Sleepy Jack. You heard me 'Liza Jane. We'll commence on this one.

[*Exit all to LEFT; NIGHT HAWK leading HINES by rope. JACK and SHAD behind through L. B. D.*]

Curtain falls.

SCENE V.

A room. MR. BERTRAM and BLANCHE seated when curtain rises.

Enter MAG from R., hurriedly, and all rise.

Mag. Oh, Guardy! Oh, Blanche! What did I tell you? That villain, Gibbon, with a squad of men, have turned out all of the stock and started them off, and he

and part of the gang are coming to the house, and I verily believe he is going to arrest you both. Oh! I told you he was a villain, Blanche.

Blanche. Oh, father! what shall we do? I hear them coming. [*Walking on outside.*] And he was so angry when he left here last. But I'll die before I'll ask a favor of him; an infamous knave.

Mr. Bertram. Spoken like my own true daughter; but be calm, darling. Mag, give me my cane—I'll go and meet him and try and spare you his hateful presence.

Both. Oh, no! don't take your cane. You are so rash you might be provoked to use it, and it would be serious.

Mr. Bertram. [*Excitedly.*] But I will have my cane. I'll teach that puppy that I am a gentleman, and will punish this unwarrantable intrusion. If he has no respect for my profession it will

[*He starts for the cane—both girls holding him.*]

be some satisfaction to give him a good sound whack on the head. Hands off girls! I hear them coming in. I must—I will whack

[*Struggles to the cane—when he gets it, starts out to the right.*]

him. Do you both stay here.

[*Exit—MR. BERTRAM to the RIGHT, leaving BLANCHE and MAG walking on the stage in great distress. MR. B. meets GIBBON near the door where they talk as follows:*]

What means this unwarranted intrusion, sir? Why are you entering my house with this gang of plunderers? Is it not enough for you to rob me of all my stock?

Gibbon. Not quite, old gent; I told you we should meet again.

Mr. Bertram. Back, sir! that is our private room.

Gibbon. Ha! ha! ha! Private, eh! We will make it public for a little while, at least. Stand aside, old man; or come along with us.

Mr. Bertram. Back, sir! and take that, you thief!

[*Strikes him on the head. Cries of "shoot him, shoot him", by soldiers on outside. MAG and BLANCHE scream and rush to RIGHT DOOR.*]

Gibbon. Hold, men! Old man, strike me again, and you are a dead man. Forward, men! Corporal, guard the old man there to himself.

Blanche. Oh! father, please come in.

[Enter MR. B., backwards with stick in his hand, followed by GIBBON and four men. One of the men presses MR. B. to back of stage, and guards him with gun until they leave. GIBBON bows to ladies and draws a paper from his pocket.]

Gibbon. Ah! Miss Blanche, I have come again;—but not on such pleasant duty as before.

Mag. Doubtless more pleasant; from appearances you are at your old trade, sir.

Gibbon. [Speaking to his men.] Help yourselves, boys; all is contraband. And you, Miss, hold your tongue, and remember who you are speaking to.

Mag. I'll do it.

[A Yankee opens a trunk and they commence a general pillage.]

Keep out of that trunk, you rogue. I'll remember you, Lieutenant, for just what you are—a vile, miserable, sneak.

Gibbon. [Stamps his foot.] Silence! here are the orders under which I make this intrusion.

[Reads the paper in his hand.]

HEADQUARTERS 3d ARMY CORPS.

It having been reported to these Headquarters that the Rev. Robert Bertram and his daughter Blanche, residing near Howard's Church, were in communication with the enemy, to the detriment of our cause, you are hereby ordered to proceed thence, with a detail sufficient, and arrest the parties and report to these Headquarters. You may also confiscate their property if you see proper.

By order of Maj. Gen. JOE HOOKER.

Comd'g 3d Army Corps.

JNO. STEIN, A. A. G.

To Lieut. JNO. H. GIBBON, Comd'g Picket.

As a soldier, I must obey orders.

Blanche. Which, in this instance, you do most willingly. Ah! Lieutenant; I would never have believed you capable of anything so low and cowardly. You think to have your revenge do you? Yes, I can go to prison—yes, and die before I would implore your aid, or ask your protection. Beware!—beware! that you are not yet overtaken.

Mr. Bertram. I am not surprised sir, at this. I believe you capable of anything mean, and I see you have a sufficient detail to arrest and plunder too.

Gibbon. Well, old gent, if you are not surprised, I guess you must be ready, so fall in there in front, with Blanche. Come, boys! if you are through, let's be going; there may be some of those rebel guerillas around, and we might have trouble. Take all you want, but forward! And you, young lady, we will leave in charge of the house. Eat and grow fat, Miss, on what is left. [*They start.*]

Mag. Hush up your insolence, sir; and look out that you don't come to grief. Good-by, Guardy; good-by Blanche; may Heaven help you in your struggle.

[*Exit all but MAG, to right.*]

Oh, my! I always kne wit. I told Blanche he was a villain. Here's the house turned topsy-turvy; every spoon gone; candlesticks, rings, watches, and everything of any value. Stock all driven off; chickens and ducks all killed.

[*Picks up an old hat and a chicken runs out, which had been brought in and placed there by one of the Yankees.*]

Well, he put you in there and forgot you. If I had a nigger I would catch you and send you on with the others; but I reckon they would keep the nigger, *they love them so well*. Oh, goodness! where can Jack and Sergeant Shadburn be? I know they would try and rescue Blanche and Guardy.

[*MAG at RIGHT SIDE. SHAD rushes in from LEFT, followed by NIGHT HAWK and JACK. SHAD raises his hands as he looks around. MAG turns to him.*]

Shad. Oh, Heavens! we are too late. They have been, and done their devilish work and have carried them off. Tell me, Mag, tell me! let me know the worst.

Mag. Yes, they have done all they could do, and have just left, taking the old Falmouth road. There were nine of them with that villain, Gibbon. He was mad because Blanche wouldn't marry him, and arrested her and Guardy on a charge of giving information to the rebels. [*Goes up to JACK.*] Look here Jack; if you don't follow them, and try and rescue Blanche and

Guardy, I will never marry you as long as my name is Maggie Sophia Susanna Short. [*Points to the right.*] See! they are still in sight, and are stopping.

Sleepy Jack. I'll do it, Mag, you bet. Come ahead, Hawk.

Night Hawk. Here's your mule.

Shad. Come show us out Mag. We have no time to lose. Forward, boys!

[*Exit all through RIGHT 3D DOOR. Curtain falls and rises again as soon as stage is cleared.*]

[*GIBBON and ORDERLY, with BLANCHE and MR. BERTRAM enter from FIRST RIGHT DOOR—GIBBON behind with pistol in one hand and sword in the other, urging BLANCHE and FATHER forward and watching behind. As they pass across to the LEFT of the stage shots are fired on RIGHT of stage (outside), and SHAD cries (outside) "forward boys," as Yankees pass off stage to LEFT, SHAD enters at RIGHT at same door in which GIBBON entered, followed by JACK and NIGHT HAWK.*]

Shad. [*As he enters.*] Forward, boys! we are gaining on them. Remember, no quarter!

[*They cross quickly, pass off stage and overtake Yankees. When a scuffle ensues, shots &c., in which NIGHT HAWK and all the Yankees except GIBBON are slain. GIBBON escapes and enters from RIGHT again, closely followed by SHAD, who presses him to middle of stage. They pause for a moment and look at each other.*]

Gibbon. Ah! we have met, have we? Hines! Hines!

Shad. Yes, villain; and for the last time. I claim you as my own. You would have robbed me of all that I hold dear on earth. Die!

[*They fight with swords. GIBBON falls, turns on his back with a groan.*]

Curtain falls.

SCENE VI.

A room at MR. BERTRAM'S, with table and light. Enter BLANCHE and SHAD from R. B. D.

Blanche. Oh, Sergeant! I owe you more than life. God alone knows what would have become of my father and me but for the timely arrival of yourself and gallant comrades to our rescue. It was a trying moment; but, thank heaven, it is all over now. Gibbon and his minions have met their just fate, and I am yours—all yours.

[*Advances to SHAD, extends both hands: he takes them.*]

Shad. God bless you, my own dear Blanche, and I pray that I may long be spared to protect and shield you from all harm. You will be mine—all mine.

[*Enter SLEEPY JACK and MAG from R. B. D.*]

Sleepy Jack. Poor Night Hawk; he went up. He was a brave boy. But we paid 'em well. All nine of the Yanks bit the dust. We had quite a lively scrimmage. Shad there, fought like a mad man. He went for that Lieutenant like greased lightning, and sent him to the "happy land of Canaan,"--'cause "Maggie's by my side."

Mag. Oh, Jack! I am so glad you are safe. I wish you had killed a few more of the whelps; but as you got all there was, I won't complain. I always knew that you were a brave soldier; and now that you have rescued and brought back Blanche and Guardy, I'll marry you, as sure as my name is Maggie Sophia Susanna Short, I will.

[*Advances to JACK and offers her hand.*]

Sleepy Jack. [*Seizing her hand.*] Mag, I always knowed you was a trump card.

[*Enter MR. BERTRAM from MIDDLE DOOR and speaks, first to JACK and then to SHAD as follows:*]

Mr. Bertram. You can take, her my brave lad. As her guardian, I commit her to you believing you to be every way worthy of her.

Sleepy Jack. Do you hear him, Mag?

[*All move to front. MAG on LEFT, JACK to right; then BLANCHE with SHAD to her right holding each other by left and right hands. MR. BERTRAM to the RIGHT and a little to the front.*]

Mr. Bertram. And to you, my brave Sergeant, I owe all that a father holds dear in life. You have proved yourself a hero, indeed, and worth the love of any woman. To your keeping I can safely commit the happiness of my child—knowing that you will ever love, honor and protect her. And let me now assure you and my friends here, [*Looks to audience.*] that wherever a SOUTHERN WOMAN is interested, the GREY will always triumph over the BLUE.

Curtain falls.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 102 724 8